
Title: Lands of Sareni Part 1

Author: Sabriel De'Kar

Night crept over the
dark, unholy land slowly.
Creatures, who had spent
most of the day asleep,
slunk slowly out of their
homes and hiding places
to reek havoc on the
creatures of the light.

The night became alive
with these creatures, as
they moved out into the
forgien lands aorund them.
A dark, black stone
castle stood high on the
tallest mountain of Dris
Ser'ona. It loomed high
above the rest of the
mountain range, and the
castles dark spires
twisted up towards the
sky. There were no lights
on within the castle,
except for one window,
where a candle could be

seen, lit in a window. A
woman stood on the
balcony. It was the once
known Asraile, whose mind
had been corrupted by
the Vampire King. She
had once had a family,
and been happily married.

That time had long since
passed. She called herself
Zril now, and lived only
to do the King's bidding.

Zril grinned wickedly,
standing on the balcony
of the castle. The wind
whipped about her,

carrying her long black
hair to swirl in a
ththundercloud about her.

The sun had set: it was time for her Master to wake. That night they would begin their quest to move across the lands of Sareni spreading the darkness that was contained in her masters ebony stone heart. The Dark Alliance would be formed that night, and the world of Man and Beast would fall to the

will of the wicked.

She turned taking her leave to move into the darkened halls, her feet falling silently on the gray marble floor. Her long purple skirt fluttered about her as she made her graceful, but menacing movements down the long castle corridor. The floors were marble, with alchemic symbols engraved in each marble slab. The stonewalls of the castle were decorated with

shields and pictures of those who used to live within the castle in centuries past.

She pulled the metal door to a large chamber open, finding Argith, the Vampire King, sitting at his desk, quill in hand. He had long black hair that came down just past his shoulders. His eyes were a deep crimson. He wore black leather pants with metal spikes coming out from them along the

waist, and around the bottoms of each pant leg.

He wore a black long sleeved shirt that concealed his ghastly white skin beneath it. He was deep in thought. Thus, she remained silent,

standing at the door until

she was beckoned to
come close to speak. He
looked up at her, smiled
his crooked dark smile,
and she moved to sit
before him. "Sire, The
Moon is almost right."
"Yes.. Good. Have you
prepared the spell?" he
asked, his gaze darkening
with wonder upon her as
she sat.

"Indeed I have. But the
Moon will not be perfect
until Midsummer's eve,

and yet we have another
problem, the Draconic
Knights of Darmai. They
captured your messenger,
sire, the man you sent
to bring Maris the Wolf
to you. They for forced
him to tell of your plans
they may prove to be a
bother." Zril stated,
sitting taller in her chair.
"Zril, I have no
worries." He laughed
manically. "For not even
they, the Knights will
stop us now."

and yet we have another
problem, the Draconic
Knights of Darmai. They
captured your messenger,
sire, the man you sent
to bring Maris the Wolf
to you. They for forced
him to tell of your plans

a problem, they are NOT
a problem."

"Of course, Argith."

She said, shaking her
head.

"Now... Since the
messenger couldn't
retrieve Maris.. Be a
dear and go get him."

Argith said, folding his
arms over his chest.

Zril nodded to Argith,
standing and moved back
out into the hall again,
silently as she had came.

Kyrstian giggled, looking at her brother Jerahd as he moved towards a tree, grabbing a vine and swinging into the deep lake bellow.

“Careful!” she called to him. “There was a

serpent in there yesterday,”

Jerahd grinned. “No Serpent is a match for me! For I am a DRACONIC KNIGHT!” he bluffed, swimming to the edge to make the jump again.

“You and your dreams, Jerahd.” She said slightly bemused. “No peasant ever becomes a Draconic Knight.”

“But! Alas I will! IF it is the last thing I do!”

he called, as he reached the beach and went to swing, again.

“And yes. You will go off, become a knight, save a damsel in distress, marry her, and live happily ever after.” She

said sarcastically, starting to climb an old oak tree.

It was the same tree she had climbed her whole life, while she sat and watched her brother swim. She had never quite had a fondness for

swimming. She moved up branch-by-branch, the long branches creaking as she climbed up the tree. She found her favorite spot to sit, it was against the trunk of the tree, on a large, wide branch, that

made it easy for her to sit safely.

“Of course. That’s exactly what’s going to

happen.” Jerahd said,
nodding. “Its how its
supposed to happen.”
“Only in Fairytales...and

we all know fairytails
don’t come true in real
life.” Kyrstian said,
shaking her head.
“Come on Kyrs, don’t
put a damper on my
mood.” He said.
“Whatever, Jerahd..”

she said, shaking her
head. She looked up at
the sky. “Its getting
dark, we better be
heading home. Father will
worry.” She said.
“Okay, come down.. I
know a short cut.”

Jerahd nodded.
“Uh, no. I know about
you and your shortcuts,
and half the time they’re
the long way around.”
She said, shaking her
head slightly, as she
started to descend the
tree branches until she
was low enough to the
ground. Then, she jumped,
landing softly on the
ground besides him.
“Come on!” he exclaimed
grabbing her arm and
taking her towards a

hardly worn path that
lead around the lake.
“NO!” she spat, pulling
back on her arm.
“KYRS!”
“NO!” she shriekd, and
smacked him upside the
head once.

“Come on, I swear this
way is shorter.” He said.
She sighed, nodding.
“Fine...But if it
isn’t... the blame is
completely on you.”
The path winded around
the large lake, and then

took off to the East.
They followed it, and in
some points had to duck
under tree branches. It
was a deer's trail, so
the area wasn't cleared
enough in points for a
human to pass through.

"Jerahd.." Kyrstian
began, "We're lost."

He stopped, scratching his
head, looking about, "We
are." He stated simply,
then turned to look down
the path they came. "I
don't even know if we

can go back the way we
came, we won't be able
to see the path well."
Kyrstian stopped speaking,
listening to the forest
around them. "Do you
hear that?" she asked.
"No what is it?"

"It's a woman's voice."
she stated, moving slowly
through the forest to
listen more.
Jerahd followed, and soon
they reached the edge of
a clearing. They hid behind
a bush, listening to the

voices. They could see
who it was: it was a tall,
black haired woman,
wearing a purple dress
stood a long horsedrawn